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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. F. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor

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Marry Not Without Love.

The most egregious blunder in a life's history is committed when a woman marries one man and loves another. This, unfortunately, is by no means an anomalous occurrence. History repeats itself daily when woman, actuated by worldly pride or influenced by friends, are led to the altar by those whom they barely like while in the inmost recesses of their hearts they love another, and constantly long for another's sympathy, another's kiss, another's love.

A woman walking the avenue of life, having made this mistake, tries to be and sometimes fancies she is happy, but when in the solitude of her own thoughts misgivings arise which render her life miserable.

Let no chaste or virtuous woman, endowed with God given attributes, plunge thoughtlessly into this deep and engulfing current without seriously considering her position; for let her be warned that the step once taken is irrevocable and life-binding, and no power on earth can relieve her misery or assist in making her life endurable. What is life without love? Pitiable, indeed, is that woman who, either by her voluntary act or through the influence of others, denies herself the pleasure it was the Almighty's intention she could enjoy. Take the young girl who marries an old man and what is her life? A constant despair longed for what it might have been.

A very common occurrence is the marriage of a young woman to a man who idolizes her, and only for whom she has but toleration, yet carried away by the prospect of an easy life, or influenced by parents or friends who often have a selfish motive in influencing, she places herself beyond the reach of that destiny for which she was intended and for which she was created. Let sober, temperate and mature thoughts be her guide and she will then act according to her heart's prompting, and in doing thus we challenge an instance when regret has followed.

It is said experience is the best of teachers but what is experience but mature thought? Then let her be actuated by her own motives, influenced by her own desires, controlled by her own circumstances, exercise her own judgment and abide the penitence of her own heart, and we shall have fewer unhappy marriages.—[Ex.]

John H. Clark, Jr., of Missouri, who has been nominated for Chief Clerk of the lower house of Congress, is particularly remarkable for his nose, which seems to be a cross between a bouquet of bright colored exotics and an Italian sunset. It is altogether the most phenomenal nose that has ever appeared in Washington; and this, it must be admitted, is saying a great deal. It has the characteristics of the chameleon—not that it subsists upon air, but that, under varying circumstances, it changes its hue. Sometimes it is a gorgeous purple, reminding the beholder of those splendid robes worn by Roman conquerors and the wealthiest nobles of early Latin times; anon it is a fiery red, reminding the configuration of a prairie haystack on a dark night. Again we find it a somber gray or a sullen chrome yellow, while at certain periods it presents a pale pinkish tint, with delicate blue pulsations. On two or three occasions it has assumed the national tri-color—red and blue—but its steadiest hue is a brick-red, with beautiful mauve wavelets and a few episodes of bright green, producing at once a varied and pleasing aspect. We do not know that any estimate, as to the value of such a nose has ever been made, but it is believed that Mr. Clark must have expended a large fortune upon this useful and singularly ornamental member of his person.

Kind of a Brakeman.

No, my son, that gentleman in the azure clothing and gilt buttons is not a naval officer. He is a gentleman of leisure, of no profession, and without and above occupation. He spends his time on the cars because he can there best serve his fellows. He is always doing some good act. At one moment he is looking the stove door to prevent the fire from going out; at another he is turning down the lights to prevent the passengers from reading and thereby injuring their eyesight, and at the same time furnishing to all that rich perfume which the partial consumption of kerosene oil always affords and soon is playfully mystifying his fellow mortals by calling out the names of stations in language unintelligible and unknown; but his principal and pleasantest labor is to assist young ladies off the cars. It is estimated by statisticians that the average brakeman squeezes the arm of 4,798,341 young ladies per annum. It is very pleasant to be a brakeman, but only the sons of millionaires can afford to aspire to the position.

If you are tired taking the large, old fashioned, gripping pills, try Carter's Little Liver Pills and take some comfort. A man can't stand everything. One pill a dose.

Wanted Daughters.

"Now that we are engaged," said Miss Pottleworth, "come and let me introduce you to papa."

"I believe that I have met him," replied young Spickle.

"But in another capacity than that of son-in-law."

"Yes—er, but I'd rather not meet him to-night."

"Oh, you must," and despite the almost violent struggles of the young fellow, he was drawn into the library where a large, red faced man, with a squint in one eye, and an enlargement of the nose, sat looking over a lot of papers.

"Father," said the girl.

"Huh," he replied, without looking up. "I wish to present to you—"

"What?" he exclaimed looking up and catching sight of young Spickle. "Have you the impudence to follow me here? Didn't I tell you that I would see you to-morrow?"

"Why father, you don't know Mr. Spickle do you?"

"I don't know his name, but I—n him I know that he has been to my office three times a day for the past week with a bill. I know him well enough. I can't pay that bill to-night, young man. Come to my office to-morrow."

"I hope," said Spickle, "that you do not think so ill of me. I have not come to collect the bill you have referred to—but—"

"The devil! Got another one?"

"You persist in misunderstanding me. I did not come to collect a bill, I came to-morrow and see about that. To-night I proposed to your daughter and have been accepted. Our mission is to acquaint you with the fact and to ask your consent to our marriage."

"Well," said the old fellow, "it that all. Blamed if I didn't think you had a bill. Take the girl if that's what you want; but say, didn't I tell you to bring the bill to-morrow?"

Well, you needn't. Our relations are different now. Wish I had a daughter for every bill collector in town.—[Arkansas Traveler.]

A Hundred a Minute.

On Friday evening of every week, says the Philadelphia Record, the 3,000 employees of the Baldwin locomotive works receive their wages. In thirty minutes after the paymaster begins the work every man has his cash. The system of keeping the time and paying the vast number of workmen is quite simple. When a man goes to work he receives no pay until the second week. This permits of five days in which to calculate the wages of each man and place the money in envelopes. In each department there is a time keeper, who makes a return every day to the paymaster. The counting and arranging of the immense amount of money required to pay the large force is accomplished by the paymaster and an assistant. On the books of the company, opposite the name of every employee, is a number by which he is known. The figures range from one to 3,000. On Friday evening the men form in line, in the order of their number. The paymaster and his assistant take their places at the head of the column. "Number 1, 2, 3, 4," says the assistant, and the men step up in a lively manner to receive the envelopes containing a week's wages. He rapidly called the numbers, soon running into hundreds, then into thousands, and at the end of half an hour the vast crowd of workmen had disappeared and the paymaster's labors are done.

In news writing, always put your best idea first, on the same principle that the merchant displays his most attractive goods in the front window. A little practice will show you how to bring into the opening sentence of any article; long or short, the germ and essence of what you have to say. Make your readers feel as though the news had bounded up out of the sidewalk and hit them. Then go back and give the details of the affair in the order of their occurrence. In recording an event briefly, first tell what happened and then mention the place and time. Beginners are apt to reverse this order.

The trade dollar ought to be redeemed. While not intended for domestic circulation, nor to represent an obligation of the United States, events which could not be foreseen have led to its use as money, and its want of a legal tender quality constantly causes some of its holders to be swindled. Its redemption may be a source of profit to the present holders of the greater bulk of this coin, but even this is better than to have poor people cheated so long as the trade dollar exists.—[Commercial.]

Barnum, Hutchinson & Bailey have received word from their agent in Rangoon, India, that he had completed the purchase of a genuine sacred white elephant, recently captured in Siam, and the property of a nobleman of that country. The price to be paid is \$200,000 in gold. Fifty thousand dollars have been paid.

The Stanford JOURNAL gravely remarks that every time Henry Watterson opens his mouth, he says something. We have heard it hinted before that he sometimes opens it to pour down something.—[Madisonville Times.]

"You say the preacher is insane; what makes you think so?" "Because," replied the witness slowly, "because he has been married four times and two of his wives were cross eyed."—[Puck.]

The Cost of Curiosity.

The proprietor of a dime museum thus revealed some secrets of his trade to a Chicago Herald reporter. "It's an easy matter to run a museum of antiquities, numismatics, or anything of that sort, but when it comes to running a museum of living curiosities it takes a good deal of money. During the coming winter we're going to have Blind Tom, the famous pianist; Herr Hagg, of Berlin, the man with the elastic skin; a group of Botocudos, South African savages; Trip and Bowen, Trip having no arms and Bowen no legs, and a score of others of the best curiosities now in America. Are they expensive? Yes indeed. Curiosity seekers think a good deal of the slimsy dollar. We pay Herr Hagg \$250 a week, his hotel bill and provide an interpreter; Mrs. Tom Thumb and her party cost us \$550 a week; our Botocudos are worth \$200; the Nubians we have here now cost us \$240 a week and hotel bills; Trip and Bowen name \$200 as their figure; when Mlle. Christine was here she cost us \$598 for her week's stay; giants are worth about \$75, but Bates and Swan cost us \$500 a week; good dwarfs are scarce now, and Major Atom and Admiral Dot, the two best known little people outside of Mrs. Thumb, are worth \$250 a week; large, fat people command about \$75 a week and so do living skeletons; Chang and Chenchah, the Chinese giant and dwarf, have formed a partnership at \$400 a week; ordinary Albinoes cost \$40 a week, but those with red eyes come a little higher; female snake charmers bring \$400 and have a strange fascination for every one; Asteca are worth \$250 and Zulus the same, so you see it costs quite a sum to run a dime museum."

MAKES 'EM RESPECT A MAN.—"What's this Dead Scott decision about?" queried Mrs. Wigglesworth, looking up from the paper. "Dead Scott—not Dead Scott," corrected Mr. Wigglesworth, with a man's patronizing smile of superiority. "Well, Dead Scott, then, what is it? Mr. Wigglesworth was stuck, but he looked wise. "Something to do with the Mexican war," he explained. "Gen. Scott, you know, was a terrible fighter, and the Mexicans got to referring him as the Dead Scott. Some decisions or other he made about a battle is what the papers mean." Mrs. Wigglesworth, with a satisfied air, folded the paper back and turned to see if any new people had been born, while Mr. Wigglesworth winked to himself at his having got out of it so smoothly. "All a woman needs," he mentally remarked, "is to have a thing explained one way or another. Don't matter what you tell 'em, so long as it's something. It's a mighty sight easier than having answer a hundred questions. Makes 'em respect a man, too."

Death is again stalking abroad through the length and breadth of the land, laying its bony hand upon rich and poor alike, blowing its icy breath into the nostrils of the proud and humble and sealing with its awful kiss the eyelids of olden youth. Grim monster! whose remorseless purpose no prayers can avert, no tears hinder, and no promises beguile. In content with the broken hearts, the desolate homes, the wrecked ambitions, the shattered idols, and the speechless miseries with which this hideous track is strewn, thou hast, like an insatiate thief, stolen noiselessly to a quiet, cheerful, happy hearthstone, plucked therefrom its sweetest, brightest ornament, and fled with it to the dark confines of the Plutonian shore, leaving Catherine Lewis to beat her breast, tear her hair, and otherwise express her grief at the demise of her pet poodle dog.—[Chicago News Funny Man.]

A stranger entered the house of Edward Clarke, near Owensboro, Ky., at 5 o'clock in the morning and aroused all the inmates. After sitting down on the floor and acting in a mysterious manner for a few minutes, he attacked one of the daughters with a club. John Bumpers, who was stopping at the house for the night, drew a pistol and shot him through the head, killing him instantly. It is supposed the man was crazy.

An insurance agent applied to a woman in Austin to induce her to get her husband's life insured. "Will I be sure to get the money if he dies right off?" "Certainly, madame." "But will you give me any assurance that he will die right off?" "No madame, we cannot do that." "Well, then what good will it be to me to get his life insured if he don't die? I knew there was some catch about this insurance business."

All that remains of the first settlement of Virginia at Jamestown is a tower of the old church where Pocahontas was baptized. The fort used in that service is said to be in the channel of Christ Church Williamsburg, Va., where she was married, in 1613, to John Rolfe.

A young man having asked a girl if he might go home with her from singing class, and been refused said. "You're as full of airs as a music-box." "Perhaps so," she retorted, "but if I am I don't go with a crank."

Don't jump out of bed immediately on awakening in the morning. If there are any fires to be built let your wife and the hired girl do it. It will give them a fine appetite for breakfast.—[Burlington Free Press.]

A site has been purchased at Atlanta for a 100-ton furnace. Senator Joseph E. Brown and others are said to be at the head of the enterprise.

Price on Smith.

Recently we published an extract from one of Soule Smith's letters with reference to Mr. Barnes. Mr. W. T. Price, writing from New York to the Louisville Post, shows that Smith did not know what he was talking about, as follows:

If my friend Smith, who insists that Barnes is a Mohammedan or something of the sort, really believes that he knows anything substantial about the religions of the East, he is simply humbugging himself. It is very entertaining and very harmless to hear a most bright and lovable man like Soule discourse on occult things. It will indeed serve a good purpose in the village courtyard under the trees, or by the hotel fire-side, in the intervals of trials, to discourse upon the magi of the East, and to mysteriously hint that the philosopher's stone is yet a possibility. Balwer heightens the effect of mystery thereby in one of his novels. Walter Scott takes up astrology. Every now and then we see publications about the Rosicrucians. And in the blessed Bluegrass we have Soule astonishing people in odd nooks with his lore. It is all well enough except that it is worth while to say that there is no Mohammedanism about George Barnes, and that what he teaches is as simple as daylight. Soule Smith has no conception of the teaching of George Barnes. Very few people who oppose him have ever got at the heart of the man's ministry. As far as faith healing is concerned, the preachers seem to be less informed than laymen. They ignore the arguments. I know of many who have read the narrative part of "The Life of George O. Barnes" and refuse to read his doctrines or the chapter on faith healing. In the meantime, the logic proposition, as discussed in sixty-four pages, remains untouched. I am a worldling. I am not a propagandist of Barnes. I have done my part for fair play. In less than two years the preachers will find it essential to study up on faith-healing.

In France there are a quarter of a million people engaged in lace making, the annual produce being of the value of \$20,000,000, the greater part of which is in labor, for the raw material used in making lace is insignificant. To this industry the United States contributes several millions each year.

Walter N. Haldeman President of the Courier-Journal Company, has been elected a life member of the Louisville Board of Trade.

THE SUN

NEW YORK, 1884.

About sixty million copies of The Sun have gone out of our establishment during the past 12 months. If you were to paste end to end all the columns of The Sun printed and sold last year you would get a continuous strip of interesting information, common sense wisdom, sound doctrine and some long enough to reach from Prime House square to the top of Mount Caponeus in the moon, then back to Printing House square and then three-quarters of the way back to the moon again.

But The Sun is written for the inhabitants of the earth; this mass strip of intelligence would girdle the globe 27 or 28 times. Livery layer of The Sun during the last year we spent only one hour over it, and if his wife or grandfather has spent another hour, this newspaper has afforded the human race thirteen thousand years of steady reading, night and day. It is only by little calculations like these that we can form any idea of the circulation of the most popular of American newspapers, or of its influence on the opinions and actions of American men and women.

The Sun is and will continue to be a newspaper which tells the truth without fear of consequences which gets at the facts no matter how much the present costs, which represents the news of all the world without waste of words and in the most readable shape, which is working with all its heart for the cause of honest government, and which therefore believes that the Republican party is the only one that must go to the rescue of our country.

TERMS TO MAIL SUBSCRIBERS. The several editions of The Sun are sent by mail postpaid, as follows:—DAILY—50 cents a month, \$5 a year; with Sunday edition, \$1. SUNDAY—Eight pages. This edition furnishes the current news of the world, special articles of exceptional interest to everybody, and literary reviews of new books of the highest merit. \$1 a year. WEEKLY—\$1 a year. Eight pages of the best matter of the daily issue, an Agricultural Department of unequalled value, special market reports and literary, scientific and domestic intelligence. The Weekly Sun, the newspaper for the farmer's household. To clubs of ten with \$10 in extra copy free. Address: J. W. ENGLAND, Publisher, 195-41 The Sun, New York City.

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